THE CONSULTATION.

A MOCK HEROIC,

In Four CANTOS.

The Second EDITION, with *large* ADDITIONS.

By JAMES THISTLETHWAITE.

Ibant obſcurâ ſolas ſub nocte per umbras,
Perque Domos Ditis.

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THE

MOCK HEROIC,

A

CONSULTATION.

EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

TO

HENRY BURGUM, Eſquire;

Lord of the MANOR *of* GLASTONBURY, *&c. &c.*

We GREAT *Men love to be call'd by our* TITLES.

OTWAY.

FLATT'RY avaunt! twin ſiſter of Deceit,
The darling Idol of the Fools I hate;
The BAAL to whom, not daring to be free,
Pride vails her head, and Nations bend the knee.
Flatt'ry avaunt! thou diſingenuous theme,
O'er which the ſlaves of Fortune love to dream;
To dream whilſt Art, whilſt Cunning both retire,
To find new food for Vanity's dull fire.
Flatt'ry avaunt!----Where BURGUM courts the ſtrain,
Praiſe would be farce, and Flatt'ry would be vain.—
Should Truth with honeſt warmth impaſſion'd ſtand,
And ſnatch the pen from Adulation's hand;
Should Truth give BURGUM what is BURGUM's due,
And hand his *every meanneſs* forth to view,

Record each Action where in Pride's defence,
Gigantic Folly ſtab'd expiring Senſe;
Back to her poiſ'nous *ſource* would Flatt'ry ruſh,
And Virtue read the column with a bluſh!

Once,---but thank heav'n that idle dream is o'er,
I ſought protection at the throne of Pow'r
Young and unpractis'd in the Poet's art,
I wiſh'd, ah fondly wiſh'd! ſome friendly heart
Whoſe generous help might buoy my little bark,
And blunt the dagger lifted in the dark.----
" Give me (I cried), whoſe patronizing hand,
" May guide my footſteps o'er life's rugged land;
" May lead me forth where the coy Muſes dwell,
" And Echo prattles from her hollow cell;
" Where ſweetly penſive borne upon the gale,
" Soft Sympathy weeps amber thro' the vale;
" Where calm Reflection ſpreads her ſaphire wings,
" Leagues with Content and ſcorns the pomp of kings:
" Give me, whoſe ſage experience may controul,
" The wild unbounded fever of my ſoul,

" When

" When e'er Ambition headſtrong prompts me on
" To deeds which Virtue dares not look upon;
" Whoſe Juſtice may reſtrain each wayward thought,
" By Folly, Vice, or Inexperience brought;
" Whoſe Reaſon temp'ring Youth's too ſtubborn fire,
" May bid the fogs of Ignorance retire,
" May ſmooth the toilſome path which leads to Fame,
" Correct my judgment, and exalt my name."

I pray'd, but Fortune deaf unto my pray'r
Laugh'd at my ſuit and ſcatter'd it in air;
Whilſt Malice---(and may Hell inventive ſhed,
Thrice ten-fold Vengeance on her miſcreant head!)
Whilſt Malice (who ne'er knew one moment's ſleep,
Whoſe eye ſoft Pity never taught to weep;)
Gave me (and ſay could Fate to do her worſt
Render a mortal more completely curſt?)
Gave me to blaſt my hopes---O Grief!---O Shame!
The jeſt of Senſe, and BURGUM was his name.

By Heav'n there's not a curſe which manhood knows
So pregnant with accumulated woes

As

As when *unask'd* thoſe grov'ling ſons of earth
Stand forth the PATRONS of ingenious Worth
Proud of diſtinctions which their *puny* ſouls
Know not the ſweets of; and if Satire rolls
Her pointed ſtrain by rip'ned Genius warm'd,
Tremble to own what moſt their *wiſhes form'd*;
Moſt coward like retract, repent, deny;
And prove themſelves in *every thing*—A LIE!

Thro' the long ſpace of more than *twenty years*,
In Youth's warm ſunſhine and in childhood's fears;
Since firſt this craving mind partook of ſenſe,
My muſe to BURGUM never gave offence;
Never one trivial failing dar'd diſſect,
Or ever ſpoke his name — *without reſpect*.

When erſt in Vanity's ſoft ſhackles bound,
He baniſh'd ſolid Senſe for empty Sound;
When Science wond'ring at the feaſt he gave,
Saw mighty *Handel* tremble in his grave;
When Wiſdom all concern'd reclin'd her head;
When Taſte aſtoniſh'd ſtruck with terror fled;

When

When Diſcord high in *Alt* commenc'd her ſcream,
And Fancy ſcarce gave credit to the dream,
I, all obſervant of the comic ſcene,
To ſave his credit ſacrific'd my ſpleen;
Join'd with the ſenſeleſs rout in idle roar,
Extatic ſtood, clap'd hands and cry'd — ENCORE!

Then why, my BURGUM, when Earth's num'rous ſons
Half poliſh'd *Goths*, and ſcarce half human *Huns*,
When men in place and power, men hap'ly found,
(Rais'd by Caprice) on Fortune's top-moſt round;
When men like *theſe* demand thy chaſtning ſword,
Why, why gainſt ME ſhould all thy wrath be ſtor'd?
Gainſt ME who when compar'd to thee ſo high,
Seem like a *Pigmy* warring with the SKY.

Oft have I BURGUM view'd thy forward zeal,
Exerted in the cauſe of Folly's weal;
Oft have I ſeen thee bove the gaping croud,
Vain with grimace, and with diſtortion proud,
Join'd faſt to Ridicule and drunk with Power,
Reaſon far baniſh'd from Reflection's ſhore;

Have

Have ſeen and pity'd thee, whilſt thou haſt ſtood
Chanting---good lack!---good lack!---of ROBIN HOOD!

For all that native vacancy of look,
Which in plain terms ſtupidity beſpoke,
Such as attach'd to Truth's unerring rule,
Judgment would pointing ſwear --- "*there goes a fool!*
For that unmeaning ſhrug, that awkward gait,
Where dark, dark Ignorance maintains his ſtate,
Maintains his ſtate and reigns without controul,
Driving each dawn of Reaſon from the ſoul:
For that extended mouth whoſe driv'ling form,
Stretch'd like an Aſs's juſt before a ſtorm,
Prophetic of ſome dread event pourtrays,
A mind as tho' unconſcious why he *brays*:
BURGUM without a peer ſhall ever ſtand,
A proof of Dulneſs' triumph o'er the land;
Without a peer his *matchleſs* voice ſhall tune,
And Candour hail him *Folly*'s *firſt buffoon*.

What tho' my BURGUM midſt thy mimic pride,
Taſte took her leave with Wiſdom for her guide;

What

What tho' ſage Judgment ſcorning thy command,
Fled with her ſiſter Science in her hand;
What tho' mild Reaſon fright'ned at thy face,
Forgot the cauſe of man and left the place;
Still BURGUM ſtill, enough remain'd behind,
To ſatiate with praiſe thy craving mind;
Folly and Ignorance thy cauſe confeſt,
And Dulneſs ſpread her fogs around thy creſt;
Stupidity uſurp'd fair Wiſdom's ſeat
And all applauding worſhip'd at thy feet,
E'en Candour raviſh'd with thy paſſing worth,
In artleſs numbers ſung thy praiſes forth,
And ſwore --- whilſt Truth bore witneſs to the fact,
That thou'rt the very clown thou would'ſt enact!

Divine CECILIA! queen of heav'nly ſound,
With each ſoft grace of modulation crown'd;
Pleas'd with the note by THEE enchantreſs given,
Sceptics grew mute and rais'd their minds to heaven;
Ambition at thy call his ſchemes gave o'er,
And ſaw ſage Judgment marr the baſeleſs tow'r;
Deſpair retreated from the yawning grave,
And liſt'ned to the precepts Reaſon gave,

Chear'd by thy melody forgot to ſigh,
And kiſs'd away the tear from Pity's eye.
Madneſs, outrageous Madneſs felt the balm,
Stood all appeas'd and ſunk into a calm;
Whilſt hot Revenge at thy divine command,
Dropt the ſharp dagger from her impious hand,
Youth all alert obey'd thy heav'nly touch,
And Age grown young laid by his uſeleſs crutch.---
Such, ſuch ſweet maid the wonders of thy ſkill,
Nature the handmaid of thy ſov'reign will;
Such the effects unequal'd of thy art,
And ſuch thy influence o'er the human heart.

Muſic by Heav'n itſelf firſt taught to flow,
To ſoften man, and ſooth the voice of woe;
To lift the ſoul from earth's contracted ſeat,
To where alone pure harmony's complete,
Muſic (whoſe pow'r full rightly to define,
Requires a pen far far more ſtrong than mine!)
Muſic (by which when in th' infernal ſhade,
Th' adventrous *Orpheus* conqu'ring as he play'd,
Bade melody thro' Hell's dark caverns roll,
And humaniz'd e'en *Pluto*'s ſtubborn ſoul.)

Muſic,

Muſic, alas! how are thy honours fled
Raviſh'd, polluted, deſtitute and dead
Void of thoſe beauties which by Judgment giv'n,
Wing the wrapt mind in extacy to heav'n;
How all expiring is thy cadence flown,
Which charm'd us erſt by methods all thy own;
How are thy once enchanting notes grown wild,
Thy inſtruments unſtrung, their keys defil'd;
By ſtrange caprice doom'd trembling to reſiſt,
The clumſy preſſure of a BURGUM's fiſt!

Gods! how my ſoul is fill'd with juſt diſdain
To view thoſe reptiles, whom the tuneful train
Scorn e'en to think on; yet whoſe monſtrous pride,
Would o'er the realms of mighty Taſte preſide;
Who prop'd on ſtilts ſeem (whilſt judge Reaſon ſtares
To find their folly ſo reward her cares)
With pigmy arms outſtretch'd at random hurl'd,
Coloſſus like t' embrace this narrow world;
And cent'ring in themſelves the whole of worth,
Spurn injur'd Merit trembling to the earth.
But know ye dunces know, when Time ſhall ſpread,
His ſilver veil alike on every head;

When in the grave this buſy brain ſhall lie,
When Malice cannot rave, nor Worth reply;
When Truth in conſcious majeſty ſhall ſpeak,
And call the guilty bluſh in Envy's cheek;
When Rank, Diſtinction ſhall no more preſide,
Nor Science take a blockhead for her guide:
Then ſhall ye find (whilſt by Reflection preſs'd,
Remorſe provokes the hell within each breaſt;)
Then ſhall ye find eſcap'd the dart of Shame,
The deeds of Merit ſwell the blaſt of Fame:
Engrav'd in characters without a blot,
Whilſt things like BURGUM ſtink or are forgot.

Nor think this truth (prophetic of my fate)
Begot by Vanity, or urg'd by Hate,
Think not I envy thoſe whom Fortune's ſpleen,
Has dub'd chief actors in Life's chequer'd ſcene.
No by my ſoul I would not be ſo curſt,
Tho' Fate had e'en ordain'd me to be firſt;
Poor as I am, bleſs'd in my homely muſe,
I ſcorn the bent of Grandeur's narrow views;
Great in myſelf, and in my numbers great,
I laugh content and mock the frown of Fate;

Contemn

Contemn her ſting, her threat'ning diſregard,
Nor once degrade the dignity of BARD!
A dignity which proudly ſoars from earth,
The conſcious handmaid of ſuperior Worth.

Ye letter'd Blockheads who with quackiſh ſkill,
Diſpute not how to cure but how to kill;
Who to do Senſe and Candour both deſpite,
Shew where I'm *wrong*, and where I am---*not right*.
Who mark each blemiſh, yet with partial face,
Remain unmindful of each genuine grace,
For grace I have, howe'er ſuch pedants frown,
And ſpite of hell thoſe graces are my own!----
Ye mighty Cyphers! Ye important Things!
Ye blanks of Nature borne on Folly's wings!
Learn, that whate'er *your* judgment may ordain,
I know my ſtrength and will aſſert my reign;
Boldly aſſert it till on Life's laſt ſtage,
And live the ſcourge of an abandon'd age;
So may that God whoſe miniſter I ſtand,
Protect his ſervant with a mighty hand;
Lead him where thouſands impotently rail,
Secure, unmov'd whilſt Malice tells her tale.

Rude

Rude is my verſe, unpoliſh'd, unrefin'd,
The honeſt emblem of its author's mind:
Rough without rule, luxuriant and untam'd,
By ſpecious Art untutor'd unreclaim'd;
By him that made me I would rather ſee,
Thus all uncooth my numbers diſagree;
Thus void of Method, nervous tho' deform'd,
And by ſome little Genius only warm'd:
Then weak'ned down like SMITH's enfeebled draw,
The ſenſeleſs ſameneſs of the ſoft *ſee-ſaw*.

PATRONS of yore (unlike the preſent race,
Train'd to deceit and damn'd to mean diſgrace)
PATRONS of yore (unſkil'd in thoſe dark rules,
Which paſs as current 'mongſt our modern fools,)
Where e'en ſo weak (however knaves demurr'd)
To pay a ſtrict attention to their word:
Slaves to their word, they never dar'd recede,
And ſtill more ſtrange,---plac'd HONOUR in their creed!
HONOUR! to each *Mæcenas* now unknown,
Who deems all fame injurious to his own.
Was there a youth by heav'nly Genius fir'd,
By Judgment temper'd and by Truth inſpir'd;

Was

Was there, whom Fortune eyed with look malign,
And pale pale Want chain'd to Affliction's ſhrine?
Swift to his aid aſſiſtant would he fly,
Heav'n in his voice, and Pity in his eye;
Snatch him all eager from the curſe of Shame;
Record his worth, and hand him up to Fame.

A PRTRON!---Ha! ha! ha!---But BURGUM tell,
If Truth awhile in ſuch a breaſt *may* dwell,
Say, (if thou can'ſt) did e'er THY foſtring hand
Lead modeſt Genius o'er this barb'rous land;
Encourage him in his purſuit for fame,
And freely labour to exalt his name?
Didſt thou (as other's have) with honeſt pride,
Seize Reaſon's ſword and combat on his ſide?
Did'ſt thou, when thouſands impotently ſtrove,
To blaſt that worth which Folly dar'd not love;
Then did'ſt thou, greatly, generouſly free,
Declare that foes to Worth were foes to THEE?
Be Truth the umpire, Truth whoſe piercing eye,
No Cunning can evade, no Art can fly;
Truth (whoſe bold words no partial favour ſhew)
Nor ſpares a brother, nor yet fears a foe.

But

But hold!---Methinks ſage Candour checks me here,
And ſtops the courſe of Paſſion's wild career.---
" Wilt thou with diſingenuous art (ſhe cried)
" To feed thy Spleen and gratify thy Pride,
" The darker ſhades unfairly all expos'd,
" Leave their contraſted beauties undiſclos'd?
" Blinded by Malice, wilt thou ſhun the light,
" And obſtinately paint alone the night?
" Wilt thou to Obſervation's ſearching view,
" Lay bare our faults and not our Virtues too?
" Degrade our manhood by thy peccant rhime,
" Cenſure unjuſt, and ſatire out of time;
" And partially (by Envy taught) conceal,
" Each generous act thy nature could not feel?
" Acts which at once in ſpite of Cenſure's rod
" Transform Humanity into a God?"

Periſh my muſe! ere with invidious art,
I injure Truth, or pain a worthy heart.
Periſh my muſe and be my name accurſt,
And mention'd with the worthleſs, be the worſt;
Be I the wonder of the gaping ſtreet,
Held in contempt by every fool I meet,

May all my labours periſh with my name,
Damn'd to the hell of Infamy and Shame;
And death at once to Sentiment and Wit,
May *Shepton-Mallet* clowns my Judges ſit?
Ere Fame's vaſt height by partial arts I ſeek,
Or call one bluſh in helpleſs Virtue's cheek;
Ere to indulge my hate I turn aſide,
And ſacrifice Veracity to Pride.

Did I---(a ſummary of all that's baſe)
Join to a BLACK, BLACK heart, a DOUBLE FACE.
Was I (as *ſome* have done) devoid of ſhame,
In day's broad blaze to proſtitute my name;
To proſtitute my name for private ends,
Slander my neighbours and inſult my friends.
Was I (the thought like death congeals my blood!)
To *vote* for him whoſe *Intereſt I withſtood*,
For *favours* paſt, Ingratitude return,
And ſtand an object for the hand of Scorn;
Was I---but whither would Deſcription run?---
In ſhort, to ſum up ALL that's *mean* in *one*,
Was I a BUROUM!---Still methinks e'en here,
My equal zeal ſhould dwell on Candour's ear;

Alike, men's merits as their failings ſpeak,
Tho' Envy frown and Rancour burſt her cheek.

Gods! with what joy (chief of the buſy croud,
Lofty, yet low; and altho' humble, proud;)
Gods! with what joy (when at Life's lateſt date,
Thy *brother* BRITAIN juſtly met his fate)
ALL view'd thee BURGUM CHARITABLY tend
To do the laſt *kind office* for *thy friend*;
THEE, to whom Fate all provident had giv'n,
To *hurry* him (prepar'd I hope) to HEAV'N.
Gods! with what joy, I ſaw my BURGUM ſtand,
The unſtretch'd halter waving in his hand,
And worthy the enrolment of the muſe,
Beheld his fingers twiſt the fatal *nooſe*;
Saw him all covetous of tranſient ſway,
Reign the JACK KETCH and HANGMAN of the day!——
"*Thus rogues, juſt 'ſcap'd the gallows, join the ſhrieves,*
"*Turn* HANGMEN, *and tuck up their* FELLOW THIEVES."*

Gods!

* Vide Epilogue to the new Tragedy of *Matilda*.

Born to deceive like that baſe wretch of old,
Who with a *kiſs* betray'd a ſaviour ſold.
Born to deceive, ſay, in that laſt *embrace*,
When hand to hand was join'd, and face to face;
When the quick ſpirits mounted to the eyes,
And greedy Death ſtood waiting for his prize:
When the impatient ſoul as ſcorning earth,
Lay panting, madly earneſt to ruſh forth;
Eager to quit its frail material throne,
And mount adventrous to a world unknown:
Did not that *kiſs* by ſympathy impart
To thee a double portion of his art?
Did nor thy kindred ſoul the gift receive
And dead to all things elſe; to FALSHOOD live?
Is not that trechery, that low deceit,
Where Fraud and Folly keep alternate ſtate;
That *lying ſpirit* (petulant as youth),
Holding perpetual warfare with the TRUTH;
Are not all theſe (Vices which loudly ſpeak
And call the copious tear down Virtue's cheek)
Are not all theſe (the children of Diſgrace)
The glorious product of that *laſt embrace?*

Too true they are!—and Vice no longer grieves,
Since BRITAIN once again in BURGUM lives!

Nurs'd in the lap of Error, fed by Pride
Conceit thy God, and Impudence thy guide;
Could'ſt thou all weakly, ignorantly blind;
Floating on Vanity's illuſive wind:
Could'ſt thou, THOU FOOL! ſuppoſe it was thy *worth*,
Which brought thy wretched name obſcure to birth?
That Fortune who her fav'rites would protect,
Can e'er for BLOCKHEADS challenge true reſpect?
Or that thy poor, thy ſuperficial parts,
Could blind our judgments and ſubvert our hearts?
Alas! weak man! 'twas not from hence, thy name
Superior, grac'd the catalogue of Shame.
'Twas not from hence, that I, *cajol'd by* THEE,
Turn'd *dedicator* and forgot my *fee*.
'Twas not thy fortunes, tho' they dimly ſhine;
'Twas not thy birth, for that is low as mine;
'Twas not thy worth, from that thou art exempt;
'Twas not thy parts, for they're beneath contempt.
No, it was CHARITY which like the ſun,
Her bleſſings ſheds profuſe on every one:

'Twas

'Twas CHARITY which labour'd to intice
Thy devious footſteps from the ways of Vice;
Who to thy eye held up the ſteady glaſs,
And bade the monſter tribe depictur'd paſs;
In hopes that thou, (where'er to damn the earth
Folly or Fraud had ſtood conſpicious forth,)
Doing ſtrict Juſtice to the moral line,
Had'ſt cry'd aſham'd----"*That Character is* MINE!"

Should I (which heav'n in mercy to my ſoul
Forbid, and ſo my appetites controul,
(My raging appetites which like a flood
Hurry me on in the full heat of blood,
Impatient of reſtraint, and to that call
Too often deaf, which Wiſdom gives to all)
That whenſoe'er by lawleſs Paſſion led,
Pride in full ſplendor elevates her head,
I then from Vanity's ſtrong pow'rs exempt,
May treat the gaudy puppet with contempt.)
Should I all arrogant and vainly proud,
At once the ſcorn and pity of the croud;

Aim

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May treat the gaudy puppet with contempt.)
Should I all arrogant and vainly proud,
At once the ſcorn and pity of the croud;

Aim midſt the ſkies to lift my buſy head,
As tho' diſdaining Earth's too vulgar tread;
To blaſt my pride and my preſumption quell,
And plunge me down all mortified to hell;
Let Mem'ry then in Fancy's full career,
Whiſper "*Contempt and Camplin!* in my ear.

Should I to *former favours* callous grown,
Proclaim myſelf the monſter of the town:
Should I be deaf whilſt *Gratitude* implores,
And thruſt my *Benefactor* out of doors:
Should I to Tretchery's arts my ſoul unbar,
And (foe to Virtue), Honour's precepts marr;
Black as the horrors of eternal night,
Let *Caſberd's* recreant name inſult my ſight.
Be that the ſole correction of each fault,
Compar'd to which ALL puniſhment is *nought!*

But if ſtill further, Vice impells me on,
And blights the harveſt Virtue had begun;
If I, exerting all on Folly's part,
Join to a weak, weak head, a wicked heart:

If

If to diſſimulation, pride and ſpleen,
A coward ſpirit and a ſoul that's *mean*,
A bluſhleſs face, a breaſt where cheriſh'd lie
The canting brood of *Inſincerity*,
If to all theſe I add, and ſcorn diſguiſe,
A mind compos'd of vanity and *lies*:
To damn me deep—deep in the hell of ſhame
Beyond redemption---BURGUM be my name!

THE

THE CONSULTATION.

CANTO First.

THE clock ſtruck twelve: the buſy world at reſt;
Laughter, Invention, Argument, and Jeſt,
Were heard no more:---Repos'd lay old and young,
Clos'd every eye, and ſilent every tongue.----
Sleep in her ſilken bands had all things tied,
All but the *few* whom diſappointed Pride
Urg'd on to madneſs: *ſuch* with troubled mind,
Nor Eaſe could know, nor balmy Sleep could find.
Perplex'd with thought profound, here PARTY lay,
Told the dull hours, and languiſh'd for the day;
Reſtleſs and pale, all comfort ſhe defied,
Whilſt wild Deſpair ſat weeping by her ſide.

Swift from her downy couch the goddeſs flew,
And round her weary limbs her veſtments threw:
From *Clifton*'s rocky eminence ſhe paſs'd,
To *Brandon*'s lofty hill, and ſtood aghaſt
Leſt other *Cromwell*'s ſhould hereafter riſe,
To pluck Ambition headlong from the ſkies.
Next o'er th' extended *Green* her courſe ſhe ſteer'd
To where CLARE-STREET, in capitals appear'd
Where both our ſhame and folly are diſplay'd,
The *ſubſtance* ſlighted; why retain the *ſhade*?
At length that ſpot her roving eye commands,
Where *Becket*'s clumſy God on *tip-toe* ſtands,
Where Commerce from her temple knits her brow,
And ſmiles contemptuous on her ſons below.

Here PARTY gaz'd, irreſolutely vain,
Paſſion like wild-fire raging in her brain;
With quick ſhort ſtep ſhe pac'd it to and fro,
Now madly faſt, now tremulouſly ſlow,
By turns and ſtarts irregularly wild;---
In form a woman, but in ſenſe a child.

Rous'd

Rous'd from her mental ſlumbers by thoſe ſtings
Which Memory to Diſappointment brings;
Collected in herſelf the goddeſs ſtood,
Her voice like thunder cleav'd the neighbouring flood;
Earth ſhook amaz'd, and *Avon*'s muddy tide,
Thro' her contracted channel ceas'd to glide.

" Children (ſhe ſaid) your mother's lore attend;
" If not your mother,---O regard your friend!
" Shake off that gloom, that melancholy air,
" Nor let the foe thus witneſs your deſpair.
" *What tho' the field be loſt*:---ALL *is not loſt!*
" Tho' on the ſea of *Patriotiſm* toſt,
" We yet may triumph, even in deſpite
" Of Freedom, Juſtice, Truth and Legal Right.
" O then attend! your preſence I implore;
" Ariſe! Ariſe!---or ſleep for evermore!"

As when ſome boy, his appetite awake,
Would from the cell, the luſcious honey take;
The ſwarm enrag'd, make bare their ſtings to drive,
The truant *Cacus* trembling from their hive;

Arm'd with reſentment for the fight prepare,
Buz out revenge, and darken all the air.
So from each part the grief-ſtruck brethren throng,
Mourn their hard fates and madly drive along.
Low hireling bullies led by *H-yth---e* came,
And *Jemmy H-ghs* (good lack!) brought up the *lame:*
The weaker minds whoſe manſion Reaſon fled
Deck'd with a cap and bells, lo *W-ſtl-y* led!
Whilſt ſlaves in theory and ſlaves to Pride,
Choſe the degenerate *W-ru-r* for their guide.

Pleas'd at her vaſt ſucceſs the goddeſs ſmil'd,
And drunk with joy, her little wits grew wild;
Extravagantly mad ſhe wav'd her creſt,
—Cried thrice—" *O yes!*" and thus the mob addreſs'd.

" If perſeverance in a rotten cauſe,
" Claim any merit or deſerve applauſe,
" That praiſe my ſons be yours; to you belong
" The double gifts of minſtrilſey and ſong;
" To you whoſe conduct ſomewhat rare implies
" Perverſely great, and obſtinately wiſe.

" O had

" O had but Fate indulgent to our pray'r
" Crown'd our endeavours with her wonted care,
" Had ſhe again eſpous'd our ancient claim,
" And taught the *Whigs* to tremble at our name;
" How had we triumph'd!—as the thought prevails
" My ſenſes ſtagger, and my reaſon fails.

" But tho', my ſons, not Fortune deign'd to crown
" The glorious cauſe which we connected own;
" Tho' deaf unto our ſuit ſhe ſhut her ears,
" Alike regardleſs of our oaths and tears,
" Yet let us not deſpair—there ſtill remains,
" A dawn of hope to compenſate our pains;
" A dawn of hope our drooping ſouls to bleſs,
" The previous prelude to aſſur'd ſucceſs.

" Mean while, rejecting every idle fear,
" I hold it fit we inſtantly repair
" To PLUTO's court; *his* council may retrieve
" The late defeat we all ſo ſorely grieve;
" The gloomy monarch will our cauſe confeſs,
" Abate our loſs, or crown us with ſucceſs;

" Him

" Him will we ſeek ; MYSELF will be your guide,
" Sure on a mother's care you will confide !
" A tender mother whoſe indulgent love,
" Nor Time can change, nor adverſe Fate can move."

As when *Ulyſſes* by the *Greeks* inclos'd,
Troy's fam'd *palladium* to their ſight expos'd,
Applauding ſhouts thro' all the army ran,
And every warrior ſeem'd as more than man,
So leagu'd together in the common cauſe,
Th' aſſembled mob loud bellow their applauſe ;
Doubtful no more, each eye in pleaſure rolls,
And inſtant Frenzy ſmites their raviſh'd ſouls.

Now Noiſe and Nonſenſe reaſſum'd their reign,
Loud as the billows of th' *Ægean* main ;
Intoxicating Madneſs ſeiz'd each ſenſe,
Rul'd the whole mind and drove Reflection thence ;
Whilſt wild Inſanity the heart poſſeſt,
Reign'd in each eye, and triumph'd in each breaſt.

Prim Decency aſtoniſh'd left her ſeat,
And jealous Order ſounded a retreat ;

Wiſdom

Wiſdom with quick but prudent caution fled,
And ſweetly bluſhing veil'd her radiant head:
Whilſt gentle Folly drunk with ſo much *fun*,
Reel'd, clap'd her hands and hiccup'd—"*bravely done!*"

Full in the center of this earthly globe,
Where endleſs Night puts on her darkeſt robe,
Great PLUTO's throne is fix'd. On either ſide
In liquid fire Hell rolls her burning tide.
Here flaming cataracts impetuous roar,
And waves of ſulphur laſh th' infernal ſhore;
Here tempeſts howl, and pois'nous vapours ſpread,
And ſubtile lightnings blaſt the guilty head.

Amidſt ſulphureous ſmoke here PLUTO ſtood,
Fed the hot fires, and rous'd the burning flood.
His royal front a golden fillet bound,
His glowing eyes tyrannic fierceneſs crown'd,
A fiery zone encircled round his waſte,
And a Cow's-HIDE his brawny ſhoulders grac'd.

Around his throne ſubmiſſive to his will,
Spectres unnumber'd his beheſts fulfil.

All

All in their place their daily taſk perform,
New point the lightning, or aſſiſt the ſtorm,
On peſtilential exhalations ride,
Or on the rapid whirlwind ſit aſtride.
Elſe 'midſt the ſurf of the *tartarian* wave,
Plunge from the beach and ſeek a fiery grave.

Borne on unwholeſome fogs, which ne'er diſpenſe
The ſmalleſt fragrance to regale the ſenſe;
Whoſe ſuffocating pow'r awakes Deſpair,
Combats with life, and taints the ambient air.
Loud thro' the thick aud murky gloom of Hell,
Madneſs and Rage in ſavage diſcord yell;
Here Grief and Sickneſs howl by pain oppreſt,
And Deſperation beats her frantic breaſt.

Dropping with blood and cover'd o'er with wounds,
Here hot Revenge her murd'rous trumpet ſounds;
Ambition here, her right-arm ſteep'd in gore,
Giddy with ſtate, falls headlong from her tow'r.
Here Av'rice gnaws his fleſh, with care grown old,
Starts at a ſtraw and trembles o'er his gold.

Here Hate, Remorſe; here Luſt and Rapine ſit;
And Treaſon for herſelf prepares a pit.
Whilſt Death, grim tyrant of the human heart,
Whets his ſharpe ſcythe and ſhakes his pointed dart.

Such was the place, yet Prudence ſtrove in vain
Their rage to conquer, and their warmth reſtrain;
Deſpair (who, whilſt the tim'rous mind ſhe rules,
Courage to cowards gives and wit to fools.)
Baniſh'd all fear, and ſteel'd each wav'ring mind,
Whilſt Reaſon trembling loiter'd far behind.

Midſt an extended plain, where not the eye,
To right or left its limits could deſcry;
Where no cool grot on either ſide appear'd,
Nor ſtately oak its ſpreading branches rear'd,
No gentle ſtream ran murmuring thro' the brake,
Whoſe limpid ſtores the parching thirſt might ſlake:
Where no blithe linnet warbled from the ſpray,
Cheriſh'd the heart, and harmoniz'd the day.

Here PARTY led her ſons, her ſtandard rear'd,
And in old *Br——k——e*'s wither'd form appear'd.

Burden'd with age the cunning goddeſs bow'd,
And claim'd the notice of the wond'ring croud;
On her their eyes attentively were turn'd,
They ſaw the man whom mighty Meanneſs mourn'd,
The wretch whom Senſe, whom Manhood view'd with mirth,
As poor and vile as when he crawl'd on earth.

Now all extended o'er the duſky plain,
The cavalcade diſplaid its lengthen'd train:
The old, the young, the rich and poor advanc'd,
And in each eye a gloomy pleaſure danc'd;
Fair to the front, immoveable as fate,
Hell's manſion ſtood, and here her brazen gate
Star'd proudly open; whilſt that phantom CARE
Pour'd forth her ſtench, and poiſon'd all the air.

Before the gate, in horrible parade,
Grim Cerberus his triple head diſplay'd;
Whilſt as his guard the ruthleſs monſter kept,
Virtue expir'd, and Reſolution wept.
Here ſable Night her dull dominion held,
And hid the plain beneath her ample ſhield;

Nature

Nature her pow'rful influence confeſt,
And Superſtition trembling croſs'd her breaſt.

Plac'd in due form by ORDER's ſteady hand,
Prone to the path which ſtrict Decorum plan'd,
(Which ſtrict Decorum plan'd, when thro' the blood,
The novel ſcene had quell'd hot paſſion's flood:)
The croud mov'd on, with conſcious hope bedight,
Whilſt gloomy DIS ſmil'd thro' the veil of night;
PARTY, their way with deadly hemlock ſtrew'd,
And Vice, on eagle's wings, their ſtrength review'd;
Whilſt Cerberus retreated from the door,
And dumb with pleaſure, ſtay'd his dreadful roar.

Enwrapt in Hell's impenetrable ſhade,
Hypocriſy the ſable vanguard led;
Her, twelve divines, proud, ſplenetic and baſe,
Doom'd to diſhonour what they meant to grace;
In ſlow proceſſion follow'd:——Nor could Pride,
Tho' earth and hell ſhe ſearch'd on every ſide,
From her unnumber'd hoſts their equals cull,
So very vain, and yet ſo very dull!

First of the ſacred train great *C——mp——n* came,
Whoſe conſcious cheek ne'er felt the bluſh of Shame;
Vain without merit, without learning loud,
Proud of his meanneſs, and yet meanly proud:
Hell's maſſy gates flew wide to let him in,
And her GREAT LORD aſſum'd a gracious grin.

Next *C---ſb---d* came, to faith and honour blind,
Black was his gown, but blacker ſtill his mind.
Firm in his ſoul at large and unreſtrain'd,
Ingratitude her darling ſway maintain'd:
Ingratitude than whom, not Vice could ſhew
A fiend ſo monſtrous in the realms of woe;
PLUTO aſtoniſh'd heard the caitiff's name,
And Hell (than him more virtuous) bluſh'd with ſhame.

Cloſe in ſucceſſion *G--dd---d* join'd the band,
A rod of iron grac'd the tyrant's hand:
Beneath his foot an *olive-branch* was plac'd,
Type of that doctrine which his life diſgrac'd.
A ſhameleſs life, where Perſecution fought,
Againſt that meekneſs which his Saviour taught.--

With

With eager haſte he reach'd the brazen gate,
Hell felt his foot and trembled at his weight;
To ſee ſuperior vice each imp grew pale,
Roll'd his fierce eyes, and ſullenly cried, "*hail!*"

Prop'd on ideal merit's ſpecious claim,
Which braggard dunces oft miſtake for fame;
Next *T—k—r* came; but inſtant at the ſight,
Hell ſhrunk amaz'd and wrapt herſelf in night!

R---bb-- ns, a gender of the *doubtful* kind,
A ſomething, nothing, not to be defin'd;
With vacant face, came next; and vacant head,
Empty as air, yet ponderous as lead:
'Twould puzzle worlds *its* ſex to aſcertain;
So very harmleſs, yet ſo very vain,
That ſober Judgment ſwore, at *its* firſt birth,
Ingenious Nature in exceſs of mirth,
Moulding all matter to her ſov'reign will,
Had form'd *the thing* to manifeſt her ſkill.
Soon as *it* journ'ying reach'd th' infernal ſhade,
Gehenna's troops the phantom wretch ſurvey'd,

With

With wild uproar each crack'd the ſcurvy jeſt,
And cried---" *Protect us all!---Is this a* PRIEST ?"
Earth laugh'd aloud, Hell eccho'd back the din,
Op'd her wide jaws, and let the *nothing* in.

Next *B---rj---w*, *D-v-y*, *S-y-r* and *D-b-t*,
With *N-w* the meagre came, and *B---r-y* fat:
And *ſtagg'ring on*, as void of Shame as fear,
The ſober *Reynell* clos'd the prieſtly rear.

END of the FIRST *CANTO.*

THE

THE CONSULTATION.

CANTO SECOND.

O For a portion of that heav'nly fire,
Which wrapt the ſoul, when *Churchill* ſwept the lyre!
What time his numbers bar'd each culprit head,
And to their holes the ſneaking ſcoundrels fled.
O for a muſe like his, pale Vice to trace,
And damn each little Villain to diſgrace!
Be TRUTH my guide, whilſt I my theme purſue,
By *her* acquitted; GOD acquits me too.

Faſt to the ſable line, ſworn foe to Senſe,
Unmatch'd in folly as in impudence,
Old *B---r* came: Beſide, nor think it ill,
The loving, lovely, ſimp'ring minx, *Miſs S——ll.*

One

One palſied hand an infant's rattle grac'd,
His hackney'd w—e the other arm embrac'd:
Love's dying fires rekindling in his eyes,
By turns he dances, fidgets, ſtarts and ſighs.—
Peace thou old goat! nor impotently ſtrive
To keep thy monſt'rous lechery alive.

The next a figure, flimſy, poor and lame,
At once his father's glory and his ſhame;
A Cub, whom from the moment of his birth,
Wiſdom with ſcorn beheld, and Taſte with mirth.
Proud of thoſe poor, poor talents Nature gave,
E're Education ſtamp'd her as a ſlave.
He chatters on, and proves himſelf at once,
A pedant coxcomb, and a learned dunce.
Tranſported, Vice her fav'rite ſon ſurvey'd,
And in her *Billy* ſaw a ſecond *S---de!*

Cloſe to this laſt, weigh'd down with innate dread,
Which Conſcience pours upon the guilty head,
A caitiff came, than whom not Hell could trace,
One ſo abandon'd, or ſo loſt to grace.

Virtue to work his reformation fail'd,
And on his brow almighty Vice prevail'd;
With her cloſe leagu'd all honour he defied,
And at God's holy altar dar'd deride!
Was there a ſnare for Beauty to be laid?
A fond, an eaſy friend to be betray'd?
An Orphan, one whoſe inauſpicious fate
Expos'd him to the world's remorſeleſs hate?
A helpleſs widow bending down with years,
Her ſcanty pittance moiſt'ned with her tears!
Were theſe to ſuffer? Lo in ſavage haſte,
Arm'd with the cruel rancour of a *prieſt*,
With blood-ſhot eyes, pale cheek and talons bare,
Behold him for the ſavage feaſt prepare!
Nor could his malice taſte a moment's reſt
'Till Virtue ſunk by pow'rful Vice oppreſt.

With wonder ſeiz'd, great PLUTO ſtood *aghaſt*,
To ſee himſelf in wickedneſs ſurpaſs'd!
Amaz'd he aſk'd, if ought his name could tell,
And "*F——d! F——d!*" echo'd loud thro' *Hell*.

To Meanneſs, Dirt and Infamy allied,
Begot by Beggary and nurs'd by Pride;
Where Inſolence her haughty ſway maintains,
And Arrogance ſupplies the lack of brains,
Lo *V---gh--n* appear'd, in *Cunning*'s garb array'd,
One nimble hand two loaded dice diſplay'd;
An empty purſe his other hand pervades,
And from his pocket peep'd the *knave of ſpades.*

Long in his heart, where hoſtile Paſſion rag'd,
Folly and Vice unnatural combat wag'd;
But now, thrice happy he!——joint partners grown,
Each occupies alike the ſable throne;
Nor can ſage Judgment tell which moſt prevails,
Or Vice or Folly oft'ner lifts the ſcales.

Next deckt in all the dignity of wig,
Came the almighty ſelf-important *R-gge*,
R-gge whom dame Nature gravely bade diſpenſe,
Wonder to fools, and mirth to Common Senſe;
For who like *R-gge* life's varied ſcenes can fill?
(The peerleſs counterpart of *Proteus Hill*)

Who

Who can like *R-gge*, the prince of verſe and proſe,
Compoſe, compile, tranſlate, and then tranſpoſe?
Who can like him at once unrival'd ſhine
Phyſician, Stateſman, Critic and Divine?
The ſhuttlecock of whim, of wit the gall,
And every thing, yet excellent in all!

Spite of thoſe gifts which Education brings,
Where pregnant Science ſhakes her roſy wings.
Spite of thoſe gifts by bounteous Heav'n deſign'd,
To purge the manners, and enlarge the mind:
See *R-gge* on Envy's baſis trembling ſtand,
Rage in his eyes and ſcorpions in his hand,
Pouring his bile round Genius' ſacred throne,
And deaf to others worth, reſound his own.

Is there that man on earth condemn'd to dwell,
Whoſe daring ſoul would lead him to *excel?*
Is there whom fertile Genius deigns to crown,
And foſt'ring Millions beckon to renown?
Swift from his thorny bed, lo *R-gge* ſhall ſtart,
Redoubled Malice gnawing at his heart;

Shall on his efforts caſt a deadly foam,
And pluck him down from Fame's aſpiring dome:
Then ſhall he find, as from the ſhaft of Death,
So none is free from Envy's pois'nous breath.
E'en ME the humbleſt whom the muſe inſpir'd,
Whom never Fortune bleſs'd nor Science fir'd;
E'en ME alas! ſhould Fate and Candour give,
Fond pleaſing thought!---to bid my numbers live.
Live when, by riper Times transforming pow'r,
Envy and Rage, and *R-gge* ſhall be no more.
E'en ME his hate relentleſs would purſue,
And ſhade my laurel with the baneful yew;
Bidding the chaplet which ſhould deck my buſt,
Inglorious rot and mingle with the duſt!

Go rouſe the angry whirlwind from its bed,
And to the diſtant lightning bare thy head:
Snatch from the jealous hand of Pow'r its rod,
Libel thy ſov'reign and blaſpheme thy God.
Yet may'ſt thou chance thy ſovereign's wrath to 'ſcape,
Thy God will pardon, Pow'rs quick eye will ſleep.
Yet may'ſt thou ſafe the tempeſt's rage endure,
And through the burning light'ning paſs ſecure,

But

But not from Envy--her unbounded rage
No pray'r can ſoothe, no time can e'er aſſuage,

Following, the ſpite of Hell upon his face,
Came the *Lycaon* of an impious race,
Tremendous *W—l*, he whoſe recreant name,
Inglorious ſtinks in the black liſt of Shame—
Ere youth's ſoft down had cloath'd his beardleſs cheek,
Ere yet he could with proper cadence ſpeak;
Or ere his limbs to Manhood's mould were grown,
Vice potent Vice confirm'd him for her own!
So fix'd and bound him in her pleaſing chain,
(For Vice alas! but ſeldom pleads in vain)
That from her empire durſt he never ſtray,
From the firſt moment, to the preſent day.

With all that Pride which ſpringing from the earth,
Too oft uſurps the place of real worth,
" With all that Cunning which in fools ſupplies
" By low Conceit the want of being wiſe,"---
With that Diſſimulation which, e'er born,
With generous hate the brave and open ſcorns;

With

With that Diſhoneſty which, born of art,
Debaſes manhood, and corrupts the heart,
W—l unrival'd ſtands and ſhall receive,
Unrival'd praiſe tho' *Keene* and *Foy* yet live.

Sprung from a ſtock whoſe children juſtly claim,
Far nearer kin to Folly than to Fame;
Next *H---bb---e*, rank'd, the ſoul of CONSEQUENCE,
The blot of manhood and the ſcourge of ſenſe!---
Where Reaſon's arguments are miſapplied;
Where Judgment's voice perverted yields to pride;
Where pliant Conſcience wiſely ſtands aloof;
And dogmatiſm takes the lead of PROOF:
H---bb---e unmatch'd may plead, nor in the ſcale
Shall e'en a DUNNING's excellence prevail.

In that bleſs'd court where *Senſe* and ELTON ſit,
Where noiſe is argument and laughter wit;
Where Dulneſs---gentle Goddeſs!---ſprung from kings,
On ſleepy jurors ſhakes her opiate wings;
Where deep in bawdry's page the lawyer dips,
Whilſt his *ſage* worſhip licks his liqu'riſh lips;

Where

Where Folly, Oaths and Ignorance unite,
To change the white to black, the black to white:
Oft have I *H---bb---e* notic'd thee with pain,
Thyſelf the vaineſt e'en amongſt the vain;
Oft have I heard thee (whilſt by Juſtice bred
Contempt provok'd flew hiſſing round thy head)
Heard thee in one unvaried ſtretch of throat,
(Nor could e'en Diſcord ſcream ſo vile a note)
Heard thee proceed whilſt laughter ſhook the houſe,
To find thy MOUNTAIN, but produce a *mouſe!*
Yet muſt mankind, (a proof deriv'd from hence,
How greatly Folly triumphs over Senſe)
Yet muſt mankind—e'en in deſpight of truth,
Baptize the *thing*—a COUNSELLOR forſooth!

With age grown white, with iniquity black,
Sin like a mountain dragging at his back;
His body's ſtrength ſcarce able to ſuſtain
Its load of life, and thro' each trembling vein,
The blood ſcarce ebbing, next to *H---rſ---n* came,
Damn'd to the rack of everlaſting Shame!---
For all thoſe follies pregnant Vice can find,
Which weaken manhood and debaſe the mind;

For

For all thoſe errors Folly terms her own,
When godlike Reaſon quits her mental throne;
For all thoſe vices which throughout the whole,
Mark a confirm'd depravity of ſoul,
Not Earth, nor Hell, old *H--rſ--n*'s peer can trace
So very ſenſeleſs, and ſo very baſe.

For Virtue's precepts to prepare a rod,
Deny his creed, and reprobate his God;
To rouſe Decorum from her couch ſerene,
And on his knees to drink the toaſt obſcene;
To ſpurn at Reaſon as a vain pretence;
To cenſure Truth and make a mock of Senſe;
H---rſ---n unequal'd ſtands on life's poor ſtage,
The bluſhleſs pattern of an impious age.

As when ſome *Scotch addreſſers*, poor, unknown,
In fulſome ſort beſiege great GEORGE's throne;
HE, gracious monarch! Blind unto their wiles,
Extends his hand and ſpreads around his ſmiles;
So on old *H-rſ-n* PLUTO fondly gaz'd,
Admir'd his pregnant parts, and ſtood amaz'd!

Whilſt

Whilſt Hell rejoicing rang from ſhore to ſhore,
Such loud rejoicings !---*C---mp---n* ſcarce had more.

Freſh from Enthuſiaſm's bigot ſchool,
Pious by rote, and ignorant by rule :
With carnal Cunning's puritanic look,
Groaning all diſmal ſad came *If---c C---k :*
C---k, 'bove his fellows fam'd for *ſtrength of ſkull*,
Abſurdly wiſe, and venerably dull ;
The wond'rous ſummary of all that's odd,
A ſot, a ſaint, a devil, and a God.----
True to no center, to no mode confin'd,
Rude as a bear and fickle as the wind ;
Now, over-run with *methodiſtic* qualms,
And piouſly diſſecting David's pſalms,
Bidding the ſprings of Common-ſenſe ſtand ſtill,
Where Folly prompts the mad harangues of HILL.
And now, with pray'r and perſeverance faint,
Devotion baniſh'd---and *laid by* the SAINT,
He drowns in Wine the ſmart of Conſcience' rod,
The *Buſh* his TABERNACLE ;----*Weeks* his GOD.

Bid Hell unroll her records to thy ſcan,
Replete with every vice that poiſons man,
Bid her each various character unfold,
Or damn'd by luxury, or thirſt of gold;
Bid her with Candour's pen aright explain
Each ſin accurſt, from courtly *Clive's* to *Cain.*
Still ſhalt thou find (whilſt Reaſon ſtanding by
Confirms the ſentence with a pitying eye)
Still ſhalt thou find, to puniſh guilty men,
Where PRIDE damns *one*, HYPOCRISY damns *ten.*

Fam'd for that Prudence which by Int'reſt taught,
Would ſell the world's ſalvation for a groat;
(That Prudence, which to Cunning ſtands allied,
Virtue's contempt and Folly's darling pride:
That Cunning, which without the ſhew of art,
Stings as it works, and feſters in the heart.)
Next came *old Michael*, damn'd above his race
With an unfeeling heart and bluſhleſs face:
Who knows not *Michael*, who with ſpecious view
Would cheat e'en wary *Charon* of his due?

Who

Who knows not *Michael*, who on Treachery's wings
Smiles as he wounds, and tickles as he ſtings?
Is there a man ſo bleſs'd?---Till Time's laſt date
Known be his name, and envy'd be his fate!

Next *H-wk--s* came: but PLUTO with a look,
Which Earth and Chaos to their center ſhook,
Bade him be gone!---For Hell no room could find
For ſuch, whom not the *power of oaths* could bind;
For ſuch her hotteſt fires by Rancour blown,
Were banks of amaranth and beds of down.—
H-wk--s obey'd reluctantly and ſlow,
And ſaw unmov'd th' infernal embers glow
With ten-fold fury, by their lord impell'd,
And envy'd every devil he beheld;
Since by the weight of tyrant conſcience preſt,
Ten thouſand hells ſeem'd lab'ring in his breaſt.

So when Deſpair aſſails the guilty mind,
Miſleads the ſenſe, and renders Reaſon blind;
When Peace affrighted leaves her myrtle throne,
And wild Inſanity prevails alone:

The coward caitiff deaf to Wiſdom's cry,
(His fatal purpoſe pregnant in his eye,)
Tir'd of exiſtence dares his maker's frown,
And plunges headlong to a world unknown.

End of the Second *CANTO.*

THE CONSULTATION.

CANTO THIRD.

SPIRIT of HAMPDEN!—From thy heav'nly ſeat,
(Where patriot Virtue finds a ſafe retreat;
Where Truth encircled with undying joys,
Laughs at the little arts which Vice employs,)
Fraught with that fire, bequeath'd thee from the ſkies,
Which flaſh'd like living light'ning from thy eyes,
When Heav'n's own eloquence inſpir'd thy tongue,
And bade thee ſhew---*a monarch might be wrong!*
Look down, great model of ſucceeding times,
Aſſiſt my labours, and direct my rhimes:
Teach me like THEE, reſolv'd, to perſevere,
Untouch'd by Flatt'ry, and unmov'd by Fear;

Like

Like thee, to tread Corruption's banners down,
Tho' Cuſtom plead and giant Grandeur frown.

Thou bloody miſcreant, who with ruffian knife,
Wouldſt for vile Int'reſt ſeek a parent's life:
Thou damned Villain, whoſe inceſtuous aim,
Would ſink a mother's honour deep in ſhame;
Thou black ingrate, by thankleſs Envy led,
To wrong the gen'rous friend who gave thee bread:
Thou impious Fool, who durſt in day's broad glare,
Blaſpheme thy God, and fondly laugh at Fear,
Yet when dull Night her ſable ſhield hath ſpread,
Start'ſt at the wind, and trembling hid'ſt thy head:
Thou vain ambitious wight, who taught by Pride,
Would'ſt pace earth's limits with gigantic ſtride;
Would'ſt in baſe chains thy fellow creatures hold,
And ſell the freedom of mankind for gold:
Hide where ye may, retreat where'er ye can,
And ſick of manhood, fly the haunts of man.
Still ſhall the muſe your recreant ſteps purſue,
And drag each monſtrous culprit forth to view;

Sill ſhall her thunders on ſuch heads be hurl'd,
Till to the center Vengance ſhakes the world.

Amidſt the jealous candidates for Fame,
Could Inſignificance aſſert her claim;
Could Reaſon's abſence qualify mankind,
(Alike impow'r'd the brainleſs and the blind;)
Say, who with *Gabey Ry—r* dares engage,
Gabey, the ſcorn and pity of the age?
Look at his features. Nay!---again behold!
Did ever Folly chooſe a fitter mould?
Did ever Dulneſs more majeſtic ſit,
Supreme o'er all the vacancy of wit?
Did e'er confirm'd Stupidity ſtand forth,
More like an idiot brat to ſhame the earth?
Did e'er inſtruction prove more truly vain?
Did ever Manhood know ſo foul a ſtain?
Was ever Reaſon more devoutly drunk?
Did ever morals better grace a punk?

As well may'ſt thou cleave mountains at a ſtroke,
Root from the ſolid earth the ſturdy oak;

Call down the ſtars, arreſt the rolling ſun,
And bid the courſe of Nature backwards run:
As well may'ſt thou, a ſelf-created God,
O'erturn OLYMPUS with a ſingle nod;
With vain petitions blunt the ſhafts of death,
Or light another *Ætna* with thy breath,
As 'mongſt the numerous ſons of *Albion* cull
Another *Gabey*, ſo exceeding dull,
So void of ſenſe, ſo loſt to Nature's plan,
So vain, ſo fooliſh, ſo---*unlike a man!*

Scarce had his foot th' infernal regions preſs'd;
Scarce had black Hell receiv'd her idiot gueſt
Ere ("*blank Concealment*" lowring in his eye)
On ſubtle miſchief bent, came---*William Fry.*
William, confeſs'd the *yearly meeting's* pride,
Clerk, Treas'rer, Teacher, Oracle and Guide.
For worth let others plead; be't his to tell,
(Shaming the *cunning* of profoundeſt Hell;)
How in the cauſe of Meanneſs volunteer,
Bidding defiance proud to Shame and Fear:

Where

Where he to Worth, a hecatomb ſhould raiſe;
With Envy's bane he blaſted Merit's bays:
Its well earn'd fame ungenerouſly *ſuppreſs'd*,
To ſerve the ſpleen of PARTY's ranc'rous breaſt.
Shame on thee *William!* Shame thou man of Sin!
To ſome dark Dungeon fly, and ſhut thee in:
Shun, ſhun the light! Thy fellow-creatures ſhun!
Leſt by thy craft, thy brethren be undone;
'Till by repentance grafted in thy mind,
Sincere repentance, ſeen by all mankind;
Thou reaſſum'ſt once more thy former fame,
And Pity ſhield thee from the ſhaft of Shame.

Next came,---but firſt, ye vulgar herd retire!
Nor dare the blaze of *ſenatorial* fire.
Next came *La--che.*—In ſilence gaze ye Fates!
Lift up your heads ye everlaſting gates!
Sound, ſound the *bagpipe!*---FISHER-LANE advance!
Join MARSH-STREET join! and lead the *modeſt* dance.
'Tis *your own Son La—che* invites the ſtrain,
Loud without ſpeech;—and wiſe without a brain.

For him lo PARTY's furious brood unite,
Winter to ſummer turns, and Day to Night;
For him the law burſts her defective bands;
For him the Goſpel lifts her hundred hands;
Harris for him his avarice forgets,
Buys a new coat, looks gay, and *pays his debts*;
Whilſt *M--gle--th* his tyranny gives o'er,
And in *his* cauſe, e'en *St--dm--e* quits his *whore*.

Loud on the blaſt what ſongs triumphant roll!
Hell's gloomy region ſhook from pole to pole.
" *La---che for ever!*"—royal PLUTO cry'd,
" *La--che for ever!*"—all his peers reply'd;
Smit with the cadence, *Bodmin* caught the note,
" *La--che for ever!*"—ſwell'd in every throat;
Drunk in his cauſe, laſt *Briſtol* join'd the key,
And *Stephen's Chapel* echo'd out " *Huzza!*"

Gods! what is man, the child of Spleen and Pride?
Blind to the ſprings which erring nature guide.
Now, like a deity exalted high,
" His footſtool earth, his canopy the ſky."

Now

Now perſecuted, hated and diſtreſs'd,
Shame in his face and anguiſh at his breaſt;
Trod like a worm beneath Oppreſſion's feet,
And doom'd to wander friendleſs through the ſtreet.

Capricious Fortune! Foe to humble Worth,
Thine, thine's the cauſe, great guider of the earth!
In thee the motive manifeſtly lies,
Why Vice and Folly ſcorn each thin diſguiſe;
Why modeſt Merit thus deſponding ſtands
Bound in the trammels of Affliction's bands,
And why pert Dulneſs, prop'd on Plenty's throne,
Enjoys the bleſſings Virtue claims alone.——
Did not thy partial precepts interfere;
Did not Injuſtice prompt thy willing ear;
Had not Caprice preſided o'er the ſcene,
Shebbeare unknown, *unpenſion'd* ſtill had been,
Untitled, Vice had lack'd her gilded coach,
No *placeman* CLARE, no *ſenator* LAROCHE.

Borne on the breath of Adulation's praiſe,
Which needy wit to every blockhead pays;

Which

Which every blockhead ſeizes as his due,
Keeping his darling Vanity in view;
Such Vanity as courtly *Jenkins** fed,
By *empty* verſe inſuring *ſolid* bread:
Next *W--ndey* came, whoſe principles to tell,
Defies the cunning of ſagacious Hell:
Next *W--ndey* came, eccentric, unconfin'd,
Like leaves autumnal ſhook by every wind.
Now *high*, now *low*, now *violent*, and then,
Turn'd *high*, and *low*, and *violent* again.
Now in his country's cauſe *own'd more than* GREAT:
And now a ſuppliant at Corruption's gate;
Now humbled to the earth, now lifted high,
Or whig, or tory, ſtill, *he knows not why.*

O born to ſcribble for thy daily bread!
Poetic whimſeys hatching in thy head.
Whate'er thy country, and whate'er thy name,
*Jenkins** or *Dulneſs*, for thou'rt ſtill the ſame.

What

* Author of a very indifferent poem entitled HENBURY, in which Mr. *W---ndey's virtues* are particularly celebrated.

What could induce thee at ſo ill a time,
Of ſenſe forſaken, and debauch'd with rhime,
What could induce thee—(Gratitude forgot,
And Reaſon's laws one *vaſt* unbounded blot,)
At *Flatt'ry*'s ſhrine to tune thy flimſey lays,
And *ſtab* thy friend with *undeſerving* praiſe?

For ME, whom partial Nature form'd in ſpleen,
Doom'd to behold and curſe the fulſome ſcene;
Whom Pride, whom honeſt Pride firſt taught the art,
T'expoſe the blot of each corrupted heart;
To ſpeak with zeal tho' ruin ſhould enſue,
And ſhun the villain Honour bids eſchew.
Grant me kind Heav'n ſome tranquil ſafe retreat,
Far from the ſoundings of Ambition's feet;
Where no raw book-worm inſolently rude,
Nor blind fanatic madly may intrude:
Where never pregnant poet dares diſpenſe,
His nauſeous clots of undigeſted ſenſe;
But let Content with placid brow ſerene,
Still hold her ſway through life's precarious ſcene;

With

With one continued tranſport fill my breaſt,
And ſweet Oblivion uſher me to reſt.
Leſt fix'd upon the rack of endleſs Shame,
Some *moon-ſtruck* bard ſhould hand me up to fame;
With *W--ndey* leagu'd, contempt ſhould crown my days,
Or *rhyming Jenkins* damn me with his PRAISE!

Bent to the earth beneath a load of Sin;
Steep'd in Diſhonour to the very chin;
Bearing, like *Cain*, the enſigns of Diſgrace,
Nor daring to look Manhood in the face,
Next *H—ch—on* advanc'd with cautious tread,
Hell's blackeſt vapours gath'ring round his head.
His brow with teeming horror overhung,
And deſperation dropping from his tongue.

Curs'd from his birth to tread the flow'ry maze,
Which Vice (ſeducing Folly's brood) diſplays;
No generous action mark'd his ſelfiſh ſoul;
No ſocial ſmile inſpir'd the gloomy whole;
No aid he proffer'd to relieve Deſpair;
No virtuous precept bleſs'd Attention's ear.——

Or

Or if by chance in ſpecious garb array'd,
From his pale lips a *truth unwilling*, ſtray'd;
If for ſome private, mercenary end,
He *ſeem'd* (and *only ſeem'd*) Religion's friend.
Swift to convince mankind, at Reaſon's price,
How firm he labour'd in the cauſe of Vice;
To ſhew how truly Virtue he defied;——
Led by the pow'rs of Infamy and Pride,
In raſh IMPIETY he ſought a cure,
And made his juſt damnation doubly ſure.

Enſabled round with Hell's nocturnal ſhade,
Scarce had his foot its firſt impreſſion made;
When fraught with joy;—From his imperial ſeat,
PLUTO deſcended in majeſtic ſtate:
——"*Welcome, thrice welcome, thou* MY SON!" he cry'd,
"*With me* (THY SIRE) *the crown of Hell divide;*
"*Thou, amidſt millions, worthy found alone,*
"*To ſhare a* FATHER'*s pow'r, a* FATHER'*s throne.*
"*For thee, the envied place I've long deſign'd,*
"*Thou wondrous image of thy parent's mind!*

"*Come*

" *Come then! partake,—The promis'd reign's begun!*
" ——*Behold O Hell! my likeneſs in my ſon!*"

Submiſſive to that voice, whoſe ſolemn ſound,
Pierc'd to the center of the dark profound,
Hell's ſable troops, impell'd with one accord,
Hail'd the new fav'rite of their ſov'reign lord.
" PLUTO *all hail! Hail H--ch--n!*" they cry'd,
" *The* SON's *preferment feeds the* FATHER's *pride!*
" *Hail to ye both!—Your fame may worlds adore,*
" *'Till Heav'n and Earth and Hell ſhall be no more!*"

Buoy'd by Conceit on Pride's romantic ſtream,
Where Folly holds her fond diurnal dream;
Whence Arrogance preſumptuouſly would riſe,
And fancy every ſtep, ſhe ſhakes the ſkies,
Next *H—wood* came, a wight unknown to Worth,
Groſs, dull and heavy as his mother earth.
A buſy, meddling fool, whoſe awkward zeal,
Enlarg'd the wound his efforts aim'd to heal;
Who led by Vanity's illuſive ray,
With Error's clouds obſcur'd the riſing day,

Yet

Yet taught by Party ſaw no Error there,
So blindly blunder'd on in mad deſpair.

Foll'wing, his brow with Folly's ſeal impreſs'd,
And Party's venom boiling in his breaſt,
Came Manhood's counterfeit,---*puiſſant* Moon,
Of Wit the bane; of Common-ſenſe buffoon.
Raſh without Reaſon; without Paſſion hot,
Madly contentious for---*he knows not what.*
For ever erring, anxious yet to guide;
For ever craving, yet ne'er ſatisfied;
For ever aiming to direct mankind;
A mole in politicks, for ever blind.

Fix'd on the ſcale of Bigotry's dull baſe,
(Where Obſtinacy boaſts *her* idiot race;
Whence Diſappointment wings her lateſt flight,
Conducted by Deſpair in ſearch of Night;)
In Party's deſp'rate cauſe engag'd by *Pride*,
(And who of all her ſons more grac'd her ſide?)
He madly labour'd to maintain her throne,
And urgent in *her* honour,---loſt *his own!*

Led by Diſorder's rude unpoliſh'd hand,
A lawleſs mob next join'd the ſapient band;
Whom Vice by every juſt pretenſion claims,
Their characters as various as their names;
Urg'd on by Fortune, Folly, Fraud and Fate,
GENTS without *birth*, and 'SQUIRES without *eſtate*.
Firſt *Buſh* drove on as tho' purſu'd by Death,
Strove for the goal, fatigu'd and out of breath;
His greedy hand outſtretch'd he open held,
And his fore-boding brow pale Av'rice ſeal'd.
Next *Cox* appear'd, whom Truth's fair offspring fled,
Immortal Meanneſs pregnant o'er his head,
Cox, whom Contempt beheld without a frown,
And dark Diſhonour reckon'd as her own.
Him follow'd *Foy*; but *Foy*---O grief to tell!
Prone in a ſea of ſcalding TRAIN OIL fell!
Next *Barret* came, of *Hiſt'ry* dubb'd the *Quack*,
Old Morgan's rotten papers at his back;
Preſs'd by the load, which, with unceaſing pains,
Full twenty years employ'd his aching brains;
He to the *flames* the ſacrifice begun,
And did himſelf, what *Time* would *elſe* have done.

Next

Next Impudence with Ignr'ance rear'd her head;
This, *Jenkins* guided, and *that*, *Matthews* led.
Whilſt *Daubeny* the mighty,—*nothing loth*,"
Wielded his grey gooſe quill and follow'd BOTH.

Laſt of the lengthen'd line by friendſhip plan'd,
Miller and *Moody** pac'd it hand in hand.
Immortal pair! Whoſe unfledg'd muſe could ſoar
To heights which *Sternold* only reach'd before.
Sternold, the loftieſt bard on *Albion*'s plain,
'Till matchleſs *Moody* tun'd the *poliſh'd* ſtrain;
Moody whoſe meaning far exceeds that ſource,
" *Whence Common-ſenſe directs her ſteady courſe.*"

In lordly ſtate the peerleſs friends advanc'd,
Whilſt gentle folly round them nimbly danc'd,
Dulneſs their mighty mother march'd before;
Annd Inſignificance their banner bore;

Whilſt

* To the united labours of this literary conjunction the public is indebted for the (firſt) *Catalogue of paintings*; *Liſt of wild Beaſts*, and other pieces equally *excellent* publiſhed during the laſt election.—— It is preſumed, that the extreme obſcurity of theſe characters will be deemed a ſufficient apology for this note.

Whilſt Self-Conceit, the goddeſs whom they prize,
Laugh'd in their hearts and triumph'd in their eyes.
PLUTO, (attend ye monarchs of the earth,
And learn the juſt reſpect you owe to *Worth*)
PLUTO, who weigh'd their merits with regard,
And portion'd out for each his due reward,
Chang'd them to ASSES,—ſince which, day by day,
Thro' Hell's dark caves the brother dunces bray.

Thus all arriv'd where reſtleſs PARTY led,
In the thick gloom of the infernal ſhade,
"PLUTO, ALL HAIL!"—The ſable mortals cried,
"PLTUO, ALL HAIL!—The lofty roof replied;
Then, 'midſt the millions gratulating roar,
Hell clos'd her jaws and bar'd her brazen door.

END of the THIRD *CANTO.*

THE CONSULTATION.

CANTO FOURTH.

AWHILE from Vice, by Faſhion deified,
Awhile from Folly and awhile from Pride;
Where'er Caprice may lead thy clowniſh taſte,
Whether in bagnios or in brothels plac'd:
Whether the Court enjoys thy awkward airs,
Or at Vauxhall thy *ſilver hilt* appears,
That matchleſs *hilt*, a maſterpiece of ſkill!
Guarded by *Cowardice* from doing ill:
BURGUM, attend! whilſt I with honeſt rage,
Hunt rank Hypocriſy thro' Hell's black ſtage;
Diſpel the clouds that darken Reaſon's throne,
And ſhew thee MEANNESS, *equal to thy own*!

Form'd

Form'd on all ſides round PLUTO's iron throne;
The ſenſeleſs rabble deem'd the day their own;
On their vaſt numbers vauntingly relied,
The aid of Riches and the pow'r of Pride.
But ah unthinking, fooliſh mortals!—ſay!
What, what, are worlds when Virtue bars the way?

Now argument began, debates ran high,
Of who ſhould firſt harangue, and who reply:
Some call'd for *R-gge*, but *R-gge*, conceited elf,
'Twas fear'd would only ſpeak about—*himſelf*.
For *El---n* ſome, but Prudence lur'd them thence,
Since it requir'd, not only *noiſe* but SENSE:
For *D—b—y* ſome call'd, but Pride bare rule,
And whiſper'd in his ear—"BOY *go to* SCHOOL!"
At length (whilſt Hell with acclamations rung;
And e'en applauſes dropt from PLUTO's tongue)
C—pl---n approach'd, all oppoſition fled,
Spite bit her nails, and Dulneſs ſcratch'd her head.
Rais'd 'bove the croud, he ſeem'd as more than man,
Thrice wip'd his noſe,---cried "*hem!*"---and thus began.

O THOU,

" O Thou, the object of my every ſcheme!
" On whom by day I think, by night I dream;
" Thou firſt great principle, thou latent cauſe,
" For whoſe dear ſake alone I ſeek applauſe.
" What tho' in Virtue's praiſe I ſometimes bawl,
" Me, who thank Hell! no Virtue have at all?
" What tho' I give Credulity thoſe rules,
" Which the deluded hearers ſtamp as fools?
" Rules, which from love and chriſtian meekneſs flow,
" Fit for the *laity* alone to know.——
" What tho' ſometimes I rave with paſſion hot,
" Of moral goodneſs, and---*the Lord knows what*;
" Of Faith, Humility, and Temp'rate Zeal,
" Which I ne'er felt myſelf, nor wiſh'd to feel?
" In ALL thy honour, mighty Prince, I ſought
" Thou, the firſt ſpring and motive of my thought,
" For thee I've wielded Perſecution's rod,
" For thee, like *Judas*, have I ſold my God:
" For thee, with foul Hypocriſy I've join'd,
" The ſpecious partner of a hell-born mind.
" For thee, I've ſentenc'd Virtue to diſgrace,
" And taught e'en Pride to wear a novel face;

Within

" Within an *hoſpital*'s dank walls enſhrin'd,
" For thee my *Darling's Mother* I've confin'd;
" In ſpite of thoſe grey hairs which ſhould protect
" Her ſinking age, and draw from brutes reſpect,
" I ſpurn'd her forth, revil'd her hoary head,
" And bade her eat in bitterneſs her bread.——
" Say then great Prince, immortal PLUTO ſay,
" So may thy empire never know decay;
" So may the ſpacious world thy pow'r confeſs,
" And countleſs millions to thy ſtandard preſs;
" Say 'midſt thoſe armies which compoſe thy train,
" The ſtrength, the pride, the glory of thy reign,
" In all thy vaſt dominion's ample round;
" Can one more faithful to thy ſtate be found?
" One whom Deceit has ſtampt of higher price,
" A firmer friend to bold ſubſtantial Vice?

" Nor think, great Prince, ſuch gifts alone confin'd
" To the contracted limits of *my* mind;
" No, light as air which cuts the noon-tide beam,
" Vice flies abroad, and reigns o'er ALL ſupreme.

" E'en

" E'en in the round of this unpoliſh'd crew,
" In glaring characters her power I view.
" In every face I mark her wond'rous ſkill,
" And trace the paſſions bending to her will.
" On her broad wings they ſpend the laughing hours,
" And in THY ſervice ſtrain their little pow'rs.
" For thee, the praiſe was meant, the praiſe was giv'n,
" When *Bedbury* block'd up the road to heav'n;
" For thee with REASON, *T-mbs* held deſp'rate ſtrife,
" And to a *mad-houſe* droye his ſob'rer wife.
" In thee, lo *Sm-th* (an advocate by rule,
" For that low Cunning which conceals the fool)
" Clos'd the trite theme his dotage had begun,
" ---That theme of every theme!---*his driv'ling ſon.*
" Stop'd in Deſcription's critical career,
" Whilſt mute attention lent her willing ear;
" And dropt th' unfiniſh'd tale in quick amaze,
" To hail thy pow'r and laviſh forth thy praiſe.
" For thee lo *Collins* left his hackney'd ſtrains,
" Of *ſylvan* Nymphs and *eke* of *love-ſick* ſwains,
" His feeble *expletives* which *do* require,
" The wings of fancy and the poet's fire;

" No more his muſe takes her accuſtom'd rove,
" Thro' the *green* umbrage of the *yellow* grove;
" No more his numbers as they gently flow,
" Give *Zembla* fruits, and parched *India* ſnow:
" And ſkill'd in venal intereſt's narrow rules,
" Give wit to thoſe whom Nature ſtampt as fools.
" But in thy ſervice now all wanton grown,
" His talents he devotes to thee alone;
" For thee he forc'd ſage *Judgment* to retreat,
" And pluck'd down *Reaſon* from her mental ſeat;
" For thee he leap'd o'er *Genius'* ſacred fence,
" Frighten'd poor *Taſte* and knock'd down *Common-ſenſe.*
" Still in thy cauſe (and ſay where could he find,
" A cauſe more worthy ſuch a *matchleſs* mind?)
" Sill in thy cauſe the gentle *bard* ſhall tread,
" And Dulneſs wave her poppies o'er his head.

" Nor is thy praiſe (as praiſe oft is) confin'd,
" To the ſmall circle of the *humble* mind;
" Where ſottiſh tradeſmen tell their evening tale,
" And balance *Europe* o'er a *pint of Ale*,

" Retailing

" Retailing nonſenſe with a lib'ral hand,
" And curſing what they cannot underſtand.
" No! higher ranks unto thy Altars preſs,
" And ſober magiſtrates thy power confeſs:
" For thee, the prieſt his gravity lays down,
" Commences rake and terrifies the town.
" For thee, the lawyer anxious in thy praiſe,
" Twiſts ductile truth a thouſand various ways:
" For thee, the object of his eager aim,
" He martyrs Virtue at the ſhrine of Shame.
" Bids giant Vice reſume her monſtrous ſway,
" And ſtalk uncenſur'd in the blaze of day.—
" For thee, in hoary life's declining ſtage,
" (When Wiſdom's ſeal adds dignity to age;
" What time wild Paſſion's tumult is allay'd,
" The ſpeech begins to fail, the ſight to fade,
" When Prudence liſtens to the voice of Truth,
" And views with ſhame the foibles of her youth)
" Lo *M--glw--th*, reverſing this dull rule,
" Lays wiſdom by, and ſtarts afreſh a fool!
" Small as his merits are, he reads them o'er,
" And wiſhes *them* ſtill *leſs*, his vices *more*:

" Conſcience

" Conſcience he laughs at, and defies her chain,
" And plays the pranks of Childhood o'er again.
" Thus to their praiſe, with popular acclaim,
" Immortal prince ALL ranks reſound thy fame.

" Since then we ſtrive thy honour to increaſe,
" And to thy manſion bring the palm of peace;
" Since at thy foes our juſt diſdain is hurl'd,
" And Virtue begs barefooted thro' the world;
" Caſt forth by us who bent to faſhion's claim,
" Scorn all connection with ſo *mean* a name.
" Say wilt thou leave thy ſervants in deſpair,
" Nor grant their ſuit, nor mitigate their care?
" Wilt thou behold them thus to grief a prey,
" Weep all the night, yet ſicken at the day?
" Wilt thou behold them with bewailing faint,
" Yet reſt regardleſs of their feeble plaint?
" Forbid it Hell! and Fate recording ſage,
" Mark, mark it not in thy extenſive page!
" Elſe what avails that my eccentric thought,
" Laugh'd at the very morals that I taught?

" Elſe

" Elſe what avails that I with borrow'd mien,
" Fill'd the ſtrong *out-lines* of the *comic* ſcene?
" With *ſapient* look perform'd a *tedious* part,
" And clouded Nature with the veil of ART?
" As well might I, (and Pride avert ſuch *wars!*
" Which with undying hate my ſoul abhors)
" As well might I 'gainſt Sin's ſtrong pow'rs have fought,
" And like ROUQUET have *practis'd what I taught.*

" Attentive then great Monarch to our cry,
" Behold our ſuff'rings with a partial eye;
" Liſt to the cauſe which thus each boſom fires,
" And grant ſuch ſuccour as our caſe requires.
" O ſay ſhall *B—kd—e* yet triumphant go,
" To give in ſimple ſort his *Aye* or *No?*
" Shall he again o'er ſtubborn *Whigs* prevail,
" And fill once more the *miniſterial* ſcale?
" Shall he again *Committee-rooms* explore,
" And *ſagely* prove that *two and two make four*;
" Whilſt with his *wond'rous* talents aptly ſmit,
" Dulneſs his Mother calls his nonſenſe—*wit?*
" Shall he, whilſt Truth in doubtful ſtate remains,
" Publiſh to all the world his lack of brains;

" And

" And whilſt poor Judgment trembles in ſuſpenſe,
" Give food to Wit and mirth to Common-ſenſe? —
" O did Aſſurance but extend its aid,
" To realize theſe ſcenes by Fancy made;
" Would'ſt THOU but deign our drooping hopes to bleſs,
" And crown our wiſhes with deſir'd ſucceſs;
" How would our tongues grow laviſh at thy name,
" And ſtrive who wideſt could extend thy fame!
" How would our hearts with ſudden rapture fir'd,
" Give thee more laud than Virtue e'er deſir'd!
" Whilſt taught by us, to times remoteſt days,
" Our infant brood ſhould prattle forth thy praiſe. —
" Deign then great prince to grant what we entreat,
" Behold us proſtrate at thy mighty feet.
" One ſmile from thee could we the bleſſing ſhare,
" Might teach mankind that *Tories* are thy care,
" And give the world each proof it could require,
" That Hell grants Folly all ſhe can deſire.
" O than thou GREAT SUPREME! our wiſh requite,
" And let our ſuit find favour in thy ſight.
" So wilt thou grant (whilſt we thy name adore)
" The pray'r of thoſe who—*never pray'd before.*"

He

He ceas'd; and PARTY thro' profoundeſt hell,
Rous'd Acclamation's inſtantaneous yell.
Loud as the noiſe when hoſtile armies jar,
Sound to the charge and ruſh upon the war;
The hoarſe acclaim thro' the vaſt empire rung,
Spread like the ſea, and ſwell'd on every tongue!
Clear'd of thoſe clouds which late obſcur'd that brow,
Before whoſe frown the trembling myriads bow,
PLUTO majeſtic roſe devoid of guile,
And ſmooth'd his rugged front into a ſmile.
Around on every ſide his eyes he threw,
Whilſt Pleaſure fondly open'd to his view.
Paſſion upon his ſoul tumultuous preſt,
And thus th' advent'rous mortals he addreſs'd.

" If lingual pow'rs could change the law of Fate,
" And bid old Time renew Creation's date;
" (Thoſe pow'rs which give to age the fire of youth,
" And bid rank Falſhood wear the garb of Truth;
" Which reconcile e'en Oppoſition's claim,
" And prove that ſenſe and nonſenſe are the ſame)

" With

" With *C—pl—n* say, what mortal dares conteſt?
" Who can like him draw praiſe from Folly's breaſt?
" Like him ſo well 'gainſt Reaſon's ſtate can plot,
" And prove—O ſtrange!—" *whatever is, is not?*"

" Oft I've borne witneſs to his paſſing worth;
" And trac'd the cauſe which gave each action birth;
" Beheld his pride, his perſecuting zeal,
" Strain'd to the bias of my empire's weal.
" Have mark'd thro' life's long page each varied ſcene,
" A complication of the proud and mean.
" For which I've crown'd him 'midſt the Million's yell,
" *As firſt great Agent in the cauſe of Hell.*

" Nor have I done as ſome obſervers do,
" Confin'd my notice to a choſen few;
" Leaving the reſt, as tho' thereby I meant
" To ſeem regardleſs of THEIR *good intent.*
" Ah think not *ſo* my ſons!—Correct *that* thought!
" Your Sire is not by partial maxims taught.
" On all alike his eyes inſtinctive turn,
" Smile when *you* ſmile, and when you ſorrow mourn.

" When

" When *Wh-tl-y*—wild Inſanity his guide,
" Chain'd blooming Youth to hoary Winter's ſide,
" When all departing from ſage Reaſon's plan,
" And thoſe ſoft ties which conſtitute the man;
" To gratify his pride, or pleaſe his wife,
" To an old Letcher ſold his child for life.—
" When *T-nd-l* erſt, in true *politeneſs* bred,
" To *royalty* reſign'd his houſe and *bed*.—
" When *H—bs*, expert in every little aim,
" Which Sin could teach, or fertile Cunning name,
" Leagu'd with Ingratitude, invidious glow'd,
" And ſtab'd that friend to whom his ALL he ow'd—
" When *B-rj-w*, big with Ignorance and Rhime,
" Groan'd for a muſe, and ſpawn'd before his time;
" Bade Vanity his awkward ſtrains diſpenſe,
" Then fondly view'd the traſh, and call'd it *ſenſe!*---
" In the BLACK catalogue of monſt'rous crimes,
" Where *P-w-l*'s name bids fair for future times;
" Where in her *negro* dreſs bold Vice appears,
" Nor one ſtray Virtue marks his rip'ned years.
" In all theſe ſcenes your loyalty I trace,
" Your zeal for Folly and your lack of Grace.

" When from their ſecret holes by Faction led,
" The *ſons of Rome* round Freedom's altar ſpread:
" When they—bleſs'd race!---The *good old cauſe* to ſerve,
" Stretch'd every pow'r, and ſtrain'd each willing nerve.
" When BRIB'RY to exceſs, in black array'd,
" With laviſh hand her pond'rous bags diſplay'd;
" Pour'd from her hoard *Corruption*'s rich ſupply;
" Which now, your point once loſt, you all *deny*.
" And which, o'ercome by Diſappointment's phlegm,
" You in the foe ſo prudently *condemn*.
" When *Liberty* all wan expiring lay,
" Stab'd by *Compulſion* in the face of day.
" By *Styx* I ſwear---an oath ſo *wond'rous* great,
" That ſcarcely *H---w---s* dares it violate!
" By *Styx* I ſwear---and oh! your Sire believe,---
" Ne'er did my ſoul ſincerer joy conceive;
" Ne'er was my warmeſt wiſh more amply crown'd,
" Nor Pleaſure ſwifter danc'd her frantic round.
" Not Earth, nor Hell, nor Heav'n itſelf could ſhed,
" Superior bliſs on PLUTO's royal head.

" O could my pow'r aſſiſt your worthy aim
" And place your *fav'rite* in the road of Fame.

" Could

" Could I with glad ſucceſs your efforts crown,
" And miniſter once more to your renown,
" Swift from my ample realms, led on by Pride,
" Hell's numerous hoſts I'd marſhall on your ſide;
" Thro' Nature's works I'd bid Deſtruction rage,
" And all the jarring elements engage.
" In Terror's pomp would I your cauſe maintain,
" And ſweep at once whole cities to the plain.

" But ah my ſons! full vain ſuch force would prove,
" And vain ſo great an inſtance of my love;
" Since round our foes, with eyes unknown to Sleep,
" VIRTUE and TRUTH perpetual watch-guard keep:
" While *they* remain the guardians of their cauſe,
" The jealous advocates of *Britain*'s laws:
" Whilſt PEACH the friend of BOTH, on Freedom's baſe
" Binds Slav'ry with the ſhackles of diſgrace:
" Whilſt CHAMPION lives, whilſt HARFORD yet ſurvives,
" And WALLIS 'gainſt Corruption's torrent ſtrives:
" Whilſt NOBLE's manly ſoul pale Vice diſdains,
" Whilſt LEDIARD's active zeal their cauſe maintains,

" Whilſt

" Whilſt MULLET to the gazing croud ſtands forth,
" The *ſcourge of Folly* and the friend of worth:
" In vain 'gainſt foes like theſe may ENVY ſwell,
" *Vain is her rage, and vain the ſpite of* HELL!

FINIS.